OPPENHEIMER SUSPENSION UPHELD

The findings and recommendations of the Atomic Energy Commission's special three-member Personnel Security Board in the case of Dr. J. Robert Oppenheimer took the form one might have expected (Am. 5/1). In a two-to-one report, the board concluded that "reasonable doubts" remained about the scientist's security qualifications. This conclusion was based on the norm which governed their assessment: "Any doubts whatsoever must be resolved in favor of the national security."

The majority consisted of Gordon Gray, president of the University of North Carolina and former Secretary for the Army, and Thomas A. Morgan, former president of the Sperry Corporation. They joined Dr. Ward V. Evans, professor of chemistry (emeritus), Loyola University, Chicago, and a member of an AEC committee, in reaching the "clear conclusion" that Dr. Oppenheimer was a loyal American. Messrs. Gray and Morgan, however, were "unable" to reach the conclusion that it would be "clearly consistent with the security interests of the United States" to recommend the physicist's reinstatement for clearance.

They did observe that they could have arrived at an "alternative recommendation" if they had been free "to exercise mature practical judgment without the rigid circumspection of regulations and criteria established for us." But given the meaning "security" carries under the Eisenhower Administration, they found Dr. Oppenheimer wanting on four counts.

First his "continuing conduct and associations have reflected a serious disregard of the security system." For example, he had had casual associations with a younger physicist who invoked the Fifth Amendment, and even stated later on that he would recommend him as a physicist. They found in his judgment about

people's loyalty and security a disconcerting "arrogance." He apparently follows his own ideas in these matters.

Secondly, his "susceptibility to influence" caused doubts, e.g., he unsaid in public what he had said in executive session about a fellow-scientist's being dangerous. Thirdly, his conduct in the development of the H-bomb was "disturbing." He gave variant explanations of why he had at first opposed it and failed to show "enthusiasm" for it even after President Truman had given the go-ahead.

Lastly, in several instances Oppenheimer had been "less than candid" in testifying before the board.

Dr. Evans felt that Oppenheimer should have been cleared on counts one and two because he had already been cleared on them in 1947 and no evidence since then called for a reversal. Dr. Evans seems not to have allowed fully for the change in security regulations since then. On count three, the most sensational, he held there simply was no evidence that Oppenheimer had in fact delayed the H-bomb. The "enthusiasm" argument hardly impressed Loyola's chemist, who felt the decision, if it stands, would do great harm to the morale of the nation's scientists.

CURRENT COMMENT

Social-security amendments

House approval on June 2 of the President's socialsecurity proposals to extend Old Age and Survivors Insurance to almost 10 million Americans now barred from the system surprised no one in this election year of 1954. The bill provides in addition an increase in benefits from a minimum of \$5 a month for a single retired worker, to as much as \$31 for some families. Beginning in 1955, the first \$4,200 of earnings will be subject to OASI taxes. The present base is \$3,600. Newly eligible for OASI are some 3.6 million selfemployed farmers; 400,000 lawyers, dentists, accountants and all other self-employed professionals (except physicians, who were dropped from the bill at the last minute under pressure from the American Medical Association); 1.3 million farm workers; 250,000 household workers and 150,000 Federal employes not covered by other systems. Police and firemen, presumably because they are already satisfactorily covered by other pension systems, remain barred from OASI. Eligible for coverage on an optional basis, dependent on the free choice of both employers and a majority of employes, are 3.5 million State and local government employes. On a similar optional basis are 250,000 ministers and members of religious organizations. Perhaps the most significant angle of the overwhelming 355-8 House vote for the OASI amendments was the utter collapse of opposition based on the U.S. Chamber of Commerce plan to abandon the whole contributory basis of social security and substitute flat-rate benefits paid out of regular tax revenues. The bill has an excellent chance of passing the Senate. The broader coverage and increased benefits of the President's socialsecurity proposals would help to round out our socialsecurity program in its 20th year.

Strikes in Honduras

The statement of the Foreign Office of Honduras on May 28 that Guatemalan Communists have been active in the large-scale strikes still in progress down there only made official what was already known in U. S. labor circles. Since Honduras has no labor unions, it was clear that the professionally run strikes, involving 40,000 workers, must have had experienced assistance from abroad. What we wish to stress here is that most of the strikers are employes of the two big U. S. corporations—United Fruit Company and Standard Fruit

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Company-which dominate the Honduran economy. Prior to these strikes, Honduras has been for these profitable companies a sort of employers' paradise. Indeed, before assuming office in 1949, President Juan Galvez was United Fruit's lawyer in Honduras. While we do not claim that the labor policies of these companies are primarily responsible for the present crisis, they are certainly not unconnected with it. Both United Fruit and Standard Fruit have made efforts to preserve their snug position in Honduras. They pay higher than average wages and provide good housing for their workers. The fact remains, however, that their employes are obviously very dissatisfied with their present pay-and not without reason. In 1932, when coffee was 12 cents a pound, rice 6 cents and beans 6 cents, a worker received from \$1.25 to \$1.50 a day. Now, when coffee is 90 cents a pound, rice 25 cents and beans 25 cents, the same worker gets \$1.68 a day. In 1932 he paid 88 cents for a machete to cut bananas. Today he pays \$4. That kind of situation is made to order for the Kremlin. May we suggest that U. S. companies in Honduras review their wage policies on the basis of justice and against the background of the cold war?

French Socialists for EDC

The most electrifying news from Europe last week came not from the star-studded diplomatic tug-ofwar at Geneva, but from the suburb of Puteaux near Paris. There, on May 30, a special, showdown convention of the French Socialist party voted to support the European Defense Community. In Cologne, West German Premier Konrad Adenauer, on hearing the news, told a cheering congress of the Christian Democratic Union that "Europe is on its way." "We may yet expect," he said, "that direct elections to a European parliament may take place in 1954." The veteran statesman was probably overly optimistic. The leader of the West German Socialists, who oppose EDC, sourly commented that nothing could now resurrect the treaty. Still, it is difficult to minimize what was done at Puteaux. The French Socialists have been split down the middle over EDC, with 58 of the party's 105 deputies in Parliament publicly opposed to it. What happened at Puteaux, where 15,000 Socialist clubs

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were represented, was a grass-roots demonstration that the majority anti-EDC bloc in Parliament did not faithfully represent the party as a whole. The delegates approved EDC by a vote of 1,969 to 1,215 (with 265 abstentions), and then, by a vote of 2,414 to 972, went on to order the party's delegation in Parliament to support the treaty en bloc. If the Socialist politicians bow to party discipline, EDC will be able to count on the solid vote of the largest party in Parliament. The third largest party, Foreign Minister Bidault's Popular Republicans, had previously agreed to support the treaty. The Socialists and MRP between them have 29 per cent of the votes in the Chamber of Deputies -not enough to ensure adoption of EDC, but enough to make adoption much more likely than it has ever been before.

UNICEF threatened

The Children's Fund is without doubt one of the United Nations' most successful and significant special agencies. In its eight years of existence it has brought food and health to literally millions of the world's children. Last year, for instance, it ran 213 projects in 78 countries, providing DDT to protect 8.5 million children from malaria, dried milk for 3.7 million, vaccine against TB for 15 million, and so on. This country has always been the financial mainstay of the fund, but never on a pure giveaway basis. It has provided about one-third of the total budget, calculated on a combination of what each recipient country has contributed directly to the fund plus the "matching monies" each country has devoted within its boundaries to the work of the fund. Thus, a milk-drying plant in Nicaragua, which cost the UNICEF \$115,000, stimulated the economy of the country (and of the world) to the tune of \$271,250. Now, however, a rider to an appropriations bill before the House stipulates that the U.S. contribution for the coming fiscal year may not exceed 60 per cent of the total monies paid in to UNICEF. It excludes, therefore, consideration being given, in determining the U.S. contribution, to any monies governments spend within their own borders toward developing UNICEF projects. If the rider is not killed, some \$3.5 million will be lopped off the \$9 million appropriation recommended by the White House. This will not only deprive millions of children of aid; it will also be telling the world that the United States is not very interested in developing in needy countries a spirit of self-help. Humanity, common sense and international good will dictate that Congress act to kill this crippling

Catholic press' debt to Father LeBuffe

Father LeBuffe's death on the Feast of the Ascension occurred too late for more than a brief mention in last week's "Underscorings," where most of the apostolic enterprises he either initiated or forwarded were listed. We should add to that list two enterprises which illustrate, again, how wide was the range of his talent and zeal: his founding of what is now the Jesuit Philosophi-

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cal Association and his presidency of the Catholic Anthropological Association (1940-42) . . . AMERICA Press owes him a very special debt of prayerful gratitude. From the reader's point of view, the "Catholic press" suggests the finished product-the diocesan newspaper, the weekly review or the monthly or quarterly magazine. "Catholic journalism" suggests the writings which appear in the literally hundreds of Catholic periodical publications which try, in their varied ways and with their varied purposes, to keep Catholics informed about their religion as part of the life of our times. But publishing any kind of Catholic periodical is a business enterprise, and a very difficult one. This is especially true of a weekly journal of opinion like AMERICA, which is addressed to a very specialized readership. Trying to find, among the many millions of American Catholics, those who have the time, ability, inclination and spare dollars to read our kind of analysis of current events and trends is the task assigned to the Business Manager and his staff. Despite his own talent for writing, Fr. LeBuffe dedicated twelve years of his life (1926-38) to this role. Our tribute to him is therefore a tribute to all the "unsung heroes" of the Catholic press: the men and women who keep it going and expanding by tending to the essential but unspectacular business operations behind the scenes.

Anne O'Hare McCormick, R.I.P.

After the death of Stalin, when a thousand wild speculations were afloat as to what might happen next, a very level head, which had known and correctly diagnosed the ways of totalitarians from the days of Mussolini and Hitler, suggested the way to meet the Communist threat to the free world. The writer was Anne O'Hare McCormick, foreign correspondent and editorial writer for the New York Times, who died in New York City on May 29:

It is tiresome to repeat it all the time, but the truth is that there is no way to meet provocation save to increase the strength and imperviousness of the stone wall it aims to pierce.

Unless they have lost Stalin's sense of caution, the new Soviet rulers cannot be "provoked" into total war, and the West cannot allow itself to be goaded into reckless action. Since the aim of our policy is to build up the force and cohesion that would discourage warlike adventure on the other side, we cannot afford to be diverted for a moment from our supreme task by pot shots and braggart dares . . . The supreme task is to hold the free nations together.

To this "supreme task" Mrs. McCormick had long consecrated with unflagging energy her extraordinary fund of keen analytic insight, illumined by her deep Catholic faith. The hundreds of thousands who "lived with" her brilliant column will echo the tribute to "the depth and breadth of her knowledge," paid her by Cardinal Spellman, who offered the Holy Mass for her on May 31 in Rome. Let us hope that though her voice is stilled, her consistent message of freedom will remain unimpaired.

U.S.-PAKISTAN AGREEMENT

Karachi, Pakistan: After the months of publicity which preceded it, the signing of the U. S.-Pakistan Mutual Defense Assistance Agreement on May 19 came as something of an anticlimax here.

The agreement nevertheless carries with it broad implications of great importance to the United States. It demonstrates that, with the possible exception of Turkey, Pakistan is the most strongly pro-United States of the nations which make up the Moslem world. By concluding the arms-aid agreement, she has adopted a foreign policy of clear-cut alignment with the West, something her neighboring Arab Governments would not dare do in view of the anti-American tenor of opinion throughout the area.

We now have at least the beginnings of a possible substitute for the abortive Middle East Defense Organization, which the Arab nations have consistently spurned since first it was proposed. The hope now is that Iran and possibly Iraq will join Turkey and Pakistan in forming a barrier along the Middle East section of Russia's Iron Curtain.

On the surface the agreement carries with it no conditions which might be called particularly favorable to the United States. It does not establish a military alliance between the two Governments. It involves no obligation on the part of Pakistan to provide military bases for U. S. armed forces. Pakistan will use the aid (the extent of which is not yet decided) to maintain internal security and provide for legitimate defense. It will permit her to participate in the defense of the area or in any collective security measure undertaken by the UN.

Yet one can read between the lines. In the event of war Pakistan would most certainly join the West. Bases would be available precisely because this mutual security agreement has paved the way.

If Pakistan has thus strengthened her relations with the United States, by the same token she has seriously weakened her already deteriorated relations with neighboring India. According to Mr. Nehru's reasoning, U. S. aid to Pakistan upsets the balance of power on the subcontinent and renders peaceful discussion of Kashmir impossible. No observer here, however, seriously thinks that Pakistan, no matter how strong she becomes as a result of foreign military aid, would ever attempt to wrest Kashmir from India by force. It looks as though Mr. Nehru has at last found the issue which will enable him to renege on his commitment to negotiate the Kashmir issue.

This development probably means the irretrievable loss to Pakistan of the northern province to which she has a just claim.

Pakistan's determination to follow a pro-Western policy, independent of India's will, marks her out as the country to be watched (along with Turkey) in the Middle East. If the size of the U. S. mission here, diplomatic, technical, cultural, economic and now military means anything at all, we seem ready to capitalize on her pro-American bent. VINCENT S. KEARNEY

WASHINGTON FRONT

Some day another doctoral thesis will be written on the theory and practice of legislative investigation committees, as revealed in by-products of the current Army-McCarthy hearings. Several interesting conclusions will no doubt be made.

The first is the virtual omnipotence of a committee chairman. Senator McCarthy repeatedly referred to the subcommittee's staff as "my" staff. What is significant is not that the Senator used this expression, but that the other members, Republican and Democratic, never once asked him to change it to "our" staff. Then there is the right of the chairman to withhold parts, at least, of the files from minority members. This was protested by the Democrats but it seems probable that their party did the same when it was the majority. These are two generalizations that can be made.

Another was projected into these hearings by Hearing Counsel Jenkins when he pronounced that an investigating committee is "a law-enforcing agency." This surprising dictum was not contradicted, so far as I know, by any member of Congress, so it may be taken as generally accepted in that body. It was, however, rejected by the President and his Attorney General, on the ground that law-enforcement lies in the sole jurisdiction of the Executive Branch.

A still more surprising generalization was explicitly made by Chairman Mundt. He said that most congressional investigations begin by some employe of the Government "leaking" to Congress a confidential document. He justified this practice on the ground that the whole thing is usually a "game" between the President and Congress, and it is "played rough," though just why he singled out Notre Dame for his analogy he has not yet explained. This time, however, Mr. Mundt was challenged by three of the Republican leaders in the Senate.

It has also been revealed that Senators on the committee have regularly been absent from hearings. This fact has long been known about many committees. This has, in turn, given rise to the common practice of one-man hearings in both Houses. Sometimes, indeed, only the counsel takes evidence. Another practice, akin to this, consists of the chairman deciding on his own what shall be investigated and what witnesses called. The other members of the committees have only themselves to blame for these two common abuses, though recently there have been two revolts against them.

Nearly everybody has his own code for curbing committee chairmen, but hardly anybody expects a code that is compulsory to be adopted, and certainly not in the Senate. But some committees do have codes, which they follow faithfully.

WILFRID PARSONS

UNDERSCORINGS

In a letter May 22 to the Jewish Tercentenary Committee, which this year is commemorating the 300th anniversary of the first coming of Jews to the United States, Most Rev. Karl J. Alter, Archbishop of Cincinnati, chairman of the Administrative Board, NCWC, said that "the commemoration will afford Americans a timely reminder of the many contributions of the Jewish people to the welfare and advancement of our beloved country." To Rabbi C. E. Hillel Kauvar, professor of Rabbinical literature at the University of Denver, Most Rev. Urban J. Vehr, Archbishop of Denver, wrote:

Every religious group must be deeply conscious of the historical role of the Jewish people in preserving for all mankind the knowledge of the existence of the one true God and the universal code of divine ethics represented by the Ten Commandments.

▶ The Good Friday telecast on the Holy Shroud of Turin by Rev. Francis L. Filas, S.J., of Loyola University, Chicago (Am. 2/27, p. 553), brought a response of close to 13,000 letters, according to an NC dispatch of May 29. They came from people of all major faiths. The greater number asked that the program be made an annual event and be scheduled in the evening rather than the afternoon.

➤ The Associated Newman Club Alumni of New York are offering a \$1,000 graduate scholarship to a Catholic graduate student living or studying in the New York area who is preparing for a teaching position in a secular college or university. Apply before July 1, with résumé of vital statistics, academic record and plans, to ANCA Scholarship Committee, 332 W. 23rd St., New York 11, N. Y.

Applauding the May 17 decision of the U. S. Supreme Court banning segregation in public schools, the school board of the New Orleans Archdiocese said May 29 that it was "contributory to the unity of the nation and the peace and harmony of men." Taking a similar stand, the San Francisco Archdiocesan Council of Catholic Women, at its annual convention, May 28, said: "The stamp of Catholicity is not marked with white or black or yellow, but with red—the red blood of Christ, who died for us all."

▶ President Eisenhower has nominated Rev. Theodore M. Hesburgh, C.S.C., president of the University of Notre Dame, and Rev. James B. Macelwane, S.J., dean of the Institute of Technology, St. Louis University, to membership on the National Science Board of the National Science Foundation. The foundation was established by Act of Congress in 1950 in order to "promote the progress of science; advance the national health, prosperity and welfare; and secure the national defense."

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One of the editors of this Review was recently engaged in the great indoor occupation of discussing political policies, subversion and "the Communist threat." One of the group, taking issue with a good lady present, rather abruptly inquired: "Well, how do you define 'communism'?" The good lady promptly replied: "Communism is against free enterprise, religion and, well, our country." Somebody else suggested that secularists were against religion and some Socialists were against free enterprise, without either of them being Communists, much less "subversives." In his column in the New York Journal-American for April 1, George Sokolsky insisted that only one type of Marxist—the Communists—were "conspirators."

If you can get into quite a discussion in this country by asking people how they define communism, such differences of opinion are relatively mild compared to those evoked by asking, "How do you define 'the Communist threat'?" On another occasion a wellinformed clerical friend of our editorial staff read us a little lesson on the state of public opinion on this question.

"I agree with you," he began, "that sensationalizing the investigation of domestic Reds has distracted a large part of the country from the march of Red imperialism across Asia and from the danger the Soviet bloc poses for Western Europe. But Dienbienphu is awfully remote from the consciousness of many of our fellow citizens. They have not yet made the transition from our easygoing isolationist past into the demanding role of world leadership suddenly thrust upon us since the end of the war. I say this despite such eyeopening shocks as the rape of Czechoslovakia, the Berlin blockade and the Korean war. So don't expect people to accept your perspective on the Communist threat, which you see mainly in global terms-as, indeed, do President Eisenhower and his advisers, as well as many members of Congress-until you have spelled out for your readers the ABC's of the cold war."

At first hearing this suggestion has a carrying-coalsto-Newcastle ring. For the past seven years this Review has been playing up all phases of the cold war almost to the point of boredom. From 1945 on we kept reminding our readers that Korea was a great danger spot. From 1948 on we have regularly called attention to the importance of Indo-China.

On second thought, however, perhaps our clerical friend is right. One of the difficulties of weekly journalism is its episodic character. It is not so bad in this respect as daily journalism, which tries to make every day's news sound just as interesting and significant as every other day's news, when it simply isn't. But weekly journalism is bad enough. It hardly offers the space to present comprehensive round-ups. It throws on its readers the burden of holding the pieces of the

EDITORIALS

global scene together in their minds from one week to the next. This is admittedly a lot to expect of busy people.

The fact of the matter is that the "Communist threat" is the most complex thing that has ever confronted the peoples of this earth. Communism here at home presents a complex problem. We hardly even know why Americans become Communists in the first place. We seem to have learned very little about how to convert them from communism. We have ways of detecting Communist espionage, though even here our laws are imperfect, as are our investigative procedures.

But when we survey the totality of the "Communist threat" abroad we face a truly baffling situation. Every phase of it—religious, economic, political, military, espionage, propaganda—finds many of the best-informed and most experienced anti-Communists disputing each other's formula of what will work best, or work at all, or not do more harm than good. One reason for this uncertainty, again, is that we simply don't know for sure all the factors that give communism its appeal to peoples abroad.

What is clear-cut is the fact of Red military aggression. That is the instant problem. It should be clear to our readers that if we cannot stop Communist military imperialism abroad, no non-military means of repelling the "Communist threat," either at home or abroad, will be of much avail.

St. Joseph Pignatelli, S.J.

On June 12 the Holy Father will canonize Blessed Joseph Pignatelli, who, among all Jesuits in the past four hundred years, must rank as one of the most loyal to the ideals of St. Ignatius, to the Papacy and to God.

Four others will be canonized with Joseph Pignatelli: Blesseds Dominic Savio, Maria Crocifissa di Rosa, Peter Chanel and Gaspar del Bufalo.

Amid the inconstancies to which most of us are so prone, there is something very stirring in the long-suffering fidelity of a man to his word and his ideals. Joseph Pignatelli solemnly pledged himself to serve God in the Society of Jesus founded by Ignatius. To that pledge he was heroically constant, even when (except for a fragment in White Russia) the Society was suppressed.

He was one of 5,000 Jesuits expelled from Spain in 1767 without being convicted or even accused of any punishable crime. In 1773, along with 23,000 fellow members of the Society, he suffered the ignominy of suppression by the Apostolic See when the Pope

bowed before the Church's enemies, who threatened schism if the Jesuits were not condemned. Ironically, it was Catherine II of Russia, a non-Catholic, who defended and sheltered the Jesuits and predicted that the rulers who had aided in their suppression would one day be asking the Jesuits to return to their dominions.

At the time of the suppression. Pignatelli was 35 years old and had been a Jesuit for 20 years. Until his death in 1811, a month short of his 74th birthday, he spent himself ceaselessly, despite poor health, to keep alive in Europe the ideals of Ignatius, to encourage and direct other former Jesuits and to work for the restoration of the Society. Possessed of noble birth, powerful friends, great skill and evident sanctity, he could have secured a quiet and distinguished position for himself. But he had vowed himself to work for souls according to the Ignatian rule and would not rest so long as he could do anything to restore the Society which embodies that rule. With the aid of some Jesuit priests from Russia, he effected a new establishment of the Society in the States of Parma in 1793 and four years later renewed his own vows there. After considerable effort he obtained the restoration of the Jesuits in Naples and in Sardinia, and founded new colleges in Rome, Tivoli and Orvieto. He did not live to see the papal re-establishment of the Society in 1814, but was apparently granted a prevision of that event.

Prudent and talented, modest and affable, a matterof-fact, practical man and yet an idealist, he was a Jesuit after Ignatius' own heart. By his example and exertions he was able to pass on the Jesuit spirit from the old to the new Society. Pope Pius XI, who beatified him in 1933, stated that Pignatelli by his vast labors merited the title of "restorer of the Society" and forms a "great connecting link" between the first Society

and that of later days.

Souls everywhere today need great constancy of religious purpose in very troubled situations. In St. Joseph Pignatelli, S.J., they all have a new patron.

Atomic Marshall Plan

Time and time again, just when the Soviets seemed to be winning the cold war, they have let the advantage slip to their rivals by some diplomatic faux pas. Such was their rejection of the Marshall Plan for the rehabilitation of Europe, which led to the growing military, economic and political integration of Western Europe.

In his address to the UN Assembly on December 8, 1953 President Eisenhower outlined what was in effect a world-wide atomic Marshall Plan. It was a daringly imaginative proposal to pool fissionable materials under an international agency "to serve the peaceful pursuits of mankind." So great was the enthusiasm of the peoples of the world that the Soviets reconsidered their original rejection of the plan and agreed to dis-

Six months later, however, the President was obliged

to announce that Russia had spurned this new Marshall Plan. He told Columbia University bicentennial celebrants on May 31:

In our efforts to find the ways by which the miraculous inventiveness of man should not be dedicated to his death, but consecrated to this life, there have been written exchanges of views between the United States and the Soviet Union. Secretary Dulles has personally conferred both at Berlin and at Geneva with the Soviet Foreign Minister, Mr. Molotov. These have not been productive of the results we seek, but we, on our side, are continuing exchanges of views and consultations with the other free nations principally involved.

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The authoritative Pravda had attacked the atom-forpeace plan in an invective-embroidered blast May 29. Obviously, another American attempt to relieve international tensions is dead. It is not clear what the President intends to do next. To what purpose are the "exchanges of views and consultations with the other free nations" being continued? When he was asked in his press conference on May 19 what he would do if Russia rejected the plan, the President said that he and his advisers were trying to find a way the United States could go ahead in some enlightened form, some enlightened method along this line without waiting for anyone else.

The only enlightened form or method along this line worth trying is a radically different one. The prime purpose of the pool plan was "to relieve international tensions." If it succeeded, mutual mistrust might be abated, and the more difficult job of working out general disarmament might then have some chance of success. Exploiting the great peacetime potential of atomic power was to be a by-product of the project. Now that the political purpose of the plan is unattainable, the most direct and efficient means of attaining that secondary objective is to build atomic power reactors in those neutral and friendly countries which lack other sources of power. By offering to do this directly, and not through a cumbrous international agency, we could, without jeopardizing our security, multiply the good-will effects of Point IV and nullify the bad effect of the Pravda charge that our pool plan is a scheme to organize "an international cartel for atomic energy."

This would be an "enlightened method" in the sense of being in our enlightened self-interest. Even now a race is on to see which side can first put the atom "into the hands of those who will know how to adapt it to the arts of peace." There are reports that Russia is already building two power reactors in East Germany to provide electric power for its satellites. With its flair for direct action, the Soviet may soon extend its offer to neutral nations.

Our Atomic Energy Commission has just authorized erection of three more experimental reactors on U.S. soil. Let's amend the Atomic Energy Act to permit AEC, under an enlightened Point IV, to build another three for our friends and those we seek for friends. s new Marbicentennial

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Germany's refugees become people

Andrew Boyle

Not For Nothing has Germany's refugee problem been termed "a running sore still capable of poisoning and destroying all Europe." Nor is it surprising that the perceptive Federal Chancellor, Dr. Konrad Adenauer, once he came to power, lost little time in creating a special ministry to "stop the rot." Today Dr. Theodor Oberlander, the present Minister, grapples daily with the immense, evil legacy bequeathed by the most brutal and destructive war in human history. Ten million men, women and children have been uprooted and scattered by battle, fear, vengeance or political venom.

Dr. Oberlander has taken over where the UN Relief and Rehabilitation Administration (UNRRA) and the International Refugee Organization (IRO) left off. Those international agencies were concerned with less basic though no less pathetic miseries. UNRRA dealt with the repatriation of most of the vast army of displaced persons and slave workers, IRO with the emigration of about a million non-German fugitives to lands that would admit them. Since June 30, 1950, however, the West German Government has been solely responsible for the care, protection and welfare of German and other fugitives who remained. It has proved a task as delicate as it is onerous, and we are not likely to see it brought to completion in our lifetime.

Yet so thorough and methodical has been the official approach to the problem, and so sure has been its handling of the spiritual and human aspects, that the Western world may well marvel at what has been accomplished to date. The process of rebuilding the self-respect and hope of millions, and of gradually absorbing them as full-fledged German citizens, is definitely moving along the right lines.

One explanation for this promising start lies in the Christian wisdom of the practical Dr. Adenauer. He understood at once that hordes of lost souls cannot be restored to spiritual and moral health by government planning, however generous or well-intended. In any case, the Federal authorities had too many other worries to make the mistake of trying to rehabilitate the refugees single-handed.

Instead, the Bonn Government quietly called in civic leaders in the religious, welfare, industrial and other fields. Federal legal experts set about drafting the revolutionary "Law on the status of homeless foreigners," which was passed by the Bundestag in April, 1951. Meanwhile, the churches and big business were conferring to decide how best they could work in harness for the gradual solving of a complex spir-

Mr. Boyle is a script writer and associate editor for the British Broadcasting Corporation in London. He is also a writer for the Ensign of Montreal and for U. S. Catholic publications. His last AMERICA article was "Red threat in British Guiana," in our issue of Dec. 5, 1953. Here he describes a remarkable project for the housing and rehabilitation of the millions of refugees in West Germany.

itual and economic problem on an unsurpassed scale. Very little publicity was given to these discussions either in Western Germany or outside; indeed, publicity at that stage of the work was the last thing the planners wanted.

FATHER LÖWENSTEIN

An extraordinary experiment was launched as a result of these civic efforts. The experiment is now running so well that refugee leaders themselves acclaim it. I have heard a good deal about the early days of the project from a man who is closely involved in it. He is undoubtedly one of the most unusual Jesuits I have ever met. Rev. Felix zu Löwenstein stands six feet two inches high, and his Vandyke beard merely emphasizes the strikingly aristocratic cast of his features. A former missionary in India, he is a member of the princely family of the Löwensteins, who were one of the pillars of the Holy Roman Empire. His father is the principal organizer of the annual Katholikentag, as his father and grandfather were before him.

Father Löwenstein's personality, linguistic gifts, contacts and administrative ability made him an obvious choice for the singular role his religious superiors asked him to fill. He admitted frankly that he needed no urging. "From the beginning I felt that the refugee problem went deeper than any other postwar difficulty," he told me. "It demanded a Christian answer, and perhaps the harsh experience of the war years and their agonizing aftermath enabled the Church to act as promptly as she did."

COMMON CHRISTIAN ACTION

In 1950 the German bishops gave their approval to an institution known as the Circle of Friends. "It brought together at every level Catholics and Evangelicals," said Father Löwenstein. "Those who joined it had one thing in common: a clear appreciation of the far-reaching dangers of leaving the refugee problem to settle itself: dangers not only to the country and to Europe, but to the very existence of spiritual values."

The Circle of Friends studied the problem from every angle, discussed ways and means of tackling it and gained the ear of interested politicians. It was evident that many responsible people had been appalled by the magnitude of the threat, but had kept their fears to themselves. Partly because something more than good will and awareness was needed, the Catholic hierarchy and the Evangelical leaders made ready to broaden the movement to make its action

more effective. The outcome was a new body called the Corporation for Christian Reconstruction, in which politicians and big industrialists as well as official representatives of the churches and the refugees work as a team.

Father Löwenstein, who is the Catholic Church's official delegate to the convention, believes that a generation ago it would have been "unthinkable" for Catholics to identify themselves so entirely with an organization of the kind. "Times have changed," he commented. "One of the indirect blessings of the horrors Germany endured is the rebirth of practical charity at its best. The new refugee corporation is an embodiment of it. This unprecedented social work is to my mind the most important effort undertaken in modern times by the churches in Germany."

To find the churches leading a crusade, or urging statesmen and citizens to follow a certain line of action or conduct, is no novelty. But to find the whole Catholic hierarchy in Germany backing a practical program of action in which the Catholic Church is, so to speak, one of four equal partners is surely unique. It is a measure of the tremendous need, a reflection of the impact made on the German mind by the mass degradation of human beings in the concentration camps and later in the DP settlements. And it is a pledge of the Catholic will both to expiate this crime and to forestall its effects on postwar Western Germany and Europe.

SPIRITUAL RECONSTRUCTION

"It is all very well to talk about the European Defense Community, European unity and the like," said the priest. "Of course such plans must be, and Germany must take part in building the new social order of peace in the West. But first the slate must be wiped clean. The fatal canker of deliberate inhumanity, which was nurtured in the service of politics, has to be checked and healed. Even the best politicians cannot do this alone. The help of many of our best people in every sphere of life has to be freely given."

In other words, an entire society-the West German people--is called on to make room in its midst for those hapless victims whom formerly they treated as outcasts. The Germans have set to work with the blessing of their spiritual leaders, the backing of rich industrialists and the machinery of the state. But it would be futile to pretend that an organized effort of charity on this scale is the concern of Germany alone, despite the artificial ruling of international lawyers who decide the rough justice of "crimes against humanity." Charity can no more be confined by national frontiers than communism or any other true or perverted spiritual force.

In an indirect way at least, we are all responsible for the refugees. The evil, mechanical system which tried to destroy them as human beings is to some degree universal today. The Nazis and the Communists have carried it to its logical conclusion. But we of the West were pioneers of this topheavy technological civilization which has made it such a simple matter to debase man by card-indexing his soul. For that reason, the German experiment concerns us all and should command our support.

When I met Father Löwenstein, he was on a short visit to England in a semi-official capacity. He had come to inspect the projected new towns in the south on which planners are already working. He wanted to compare notes, pick up ideas, discuss building methods. For, as he said, the reconstruction corporation is not only providing new homes for refugees but blueprinting new towns also.

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New Towns

With him I examined the scale-map of a place called Rottershaufen, which is not found in any atlas. That is the name of the first refugee community in Western Germany. The architect's model has been approved; the refugee leaders have seen and liked it; the builders have already moved in. Refugee labor will help construct this new town of 10,000 exfugitives. "The site was once Army land, bounded by a railway and an arterial road," the priest explained. "A second town-situated like the first in Bavariahas started to take shape as well. When we have the money and ground, others will follow. It will take many years, but I think we have hit on the answer."

As the chief Catholic representative on the Reconstruction Corporation, Father Löwenstein is primarily occupied with the psychological and religious side. Yet his grasp of technical detail impressed me. "A third of all costs is borne by the Federal authorities, a third by the business firms and industrialists and the remaining third by the refugee families. Few have money, but they can work off their share in kind-by giving labor and leisure to the actual building work." To make the new towns self-sufficient, "sponsor-firms" are coming forward with equipment and credits for local refugee enterprises.

HOPE REBORN OF CHARITY

I was particularly anxious to discover how the refugees themselves regarded the whole resettlement scheme. Father Löwenstein left me in no doubt about that: "It has had a most remarkable result. Their response has surpassed our hopes. The refugees have been given the proof of good will which many may have despaired of ever finding. Even those who are not high on the priority lists are stirring again. From the leaders down to the humblest fugitive, they seem imbued with a determination to translate the blueprints into bricks, mortar and concrete."

In a world where tension and the menace of atomic extinction paralyze the hearts of men, it is good to know that such a brave experiment in Christian cooperation is slowly lifting these refugees out of the pit of hopelessness. It surely proves the fact that true charity is the cure for the spiritual scars of total war, is the reply, as Gabriel Marcel put it, "to the De Profundis of agonized humanity."

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Men and machines

Edward A. Connell

HAT AILS WORKERS?" asked a corporation lawyer of a factory employe during the recess of a hearing I was conducting as Unemployment Commissioner in Bridgeport, Conn. a few years ago.

"Nothing ails us that doesn't ail you!" the worker retorted. "But if we're blowing our tops more than they did thirty years ago it's because they were sure they had only bosses to fight to stay on the payroll. We aren't sure today who we're supposed to be fighting—bosses, the politicians, the Chamber of Commerce, government bureaus or the newspapers—so we just keep on yammering to keep in practice until we find out who's the right enemy."

The fidgety modern worker is like the nervous defensive halfback in a football game who exhorts, leaps, points and goes through a June Taylor ballet routine behind his crouching linemen because he simply doesn't have the slightest idea whether the offensive play is coming through the middle, off left tackle, around the end or through the air. He quiets down and channels his energies only when the opponent's strategy has been clearly revealed and his own doubts have been resolved.

The so-called lazy worker who "soldiers" on the job or takes ten minutes too long for lunch or walks past a broken floor board in the factory which he could fix in a few minutes with a hammer and two nails, but won't, isn't always sluggish or without a feeling for order and cleanliness or lacking a sense of job responsibility. He is more often disdainful of rules and defiant of authority because he has come to believe in a vague way that full and cheerful compliance with job regulations or enthusiastic participation in the "team play" urged by the jovial personnel director would reveal what will surely be regarded by his employer as a weakness—the fear of losing his job. The carpenter who will not drive the extra nail and the gardener who won't cut that last corner of lawn if it is near quitting time are trying to demonstrate their independence and their standing as equal parties to the labor contract.

THE UBIQUITOUS ENEMY

All of this may appear to be somewhat irrelevant in the light of my opening comments concerning the confusion of the worker about whom he is "fighting." But the truth of the matter is that if one cannot isolate his adversary (when he instinctively feels that he does have an adversary), then he will grimly defy all of those with any semblance of authority with whom he

Mr. Connell is superintendent of the Bureau of Parks and Trees of the City of Stamford, Conn.

comes in contact. This is nothing more than the accepted psychiatric theory about the confused juvenile delinquent who thinks that "the world" is against him because he can't quite determine which person or group is against him. The modern industrial worker is desperately afraid that any extracurricular and uncompensated work which he does will be regarded by his co-workers as not only a brand of apple-polishing but also as the breaching of a common front against the enemy.

The level of good workmanship will rise, the number of sluggish and disinterested workers will diminish, in direct proportion to the elimination of the industrial worker's present large host of vague and undefined enemies and the pinpointing of his real enemies. Among these latter will be the completely Neanderthal employer who yearns for complete and unchallenged power over the bodies, minds and souls of his workers; the earthbound trade-union official who fails to sense the dignity and holiness of work or the sacredness of authority, and, last but not least, the worker's own inertia and sloth and his reluctance to slough off subjectivism and seek sanctifying grace.

HANDS VS. MACHINES

It would be naive to hold that the elimination of imaginary enemies will alone solve the problem of the sluggish worker. There are other factors to consider, one of which is the impact of the machine and the apparent rebelling of some young and more middleaged workers against the machine. Nowhere is this puzzling phenomenon more pronounced than in the outdoor construction and landscape fields, with which I am more than casually familiar. The outdoor worker over sixty years of age does not feel persecuted when he is asked to swing a pick or shovel or rake. He grew up doing many jobs by hand and much of the new power machinery is still too new-fangled and gadgety, involves too much responsibility and demands too much mechanical maintenance know-how for him to want to use it.

Taking the average new park or landscape project from beginning to end, there is an impressive array of power tools and equipment involved. First, the power shovel or digger, which strips the virgin topsoil and stockpiles it. Then there is the back-hoe or grader, which levels the subsoil, the bulldozer or front-end loader which replaces the topsoil and gives a semifinished grade line. There are the power-operated units which spread the fertilizer and the lime, and the Rube Goldberg-like machines which make their own grassseed furrows, drop the seed into the soil in an accurate, predetermined quantity and lightly cover the seed. Finally, comes the only remaining hand work-the finished raking and grading. As the climax to the job, the last gesture of machine supremacy-a power roller flattens everything into a finished smoothness.

Among the under-forty workers generally, however, there is no deep-seated antipathy toward modern machinery. It is in reality more an attitude of awkward

suspicion of and confusion about the meaning of the machine. Actually, the younger workers are frightfully worried about being socially embarrassed if they are caught using hand tools, because they know that for every hand operation there is a machine on the market which will do the job fifty times as fast.

I suppose that there are deep philosophical causes underlying man's seeming distaste for hand work and physical exertion on his job. I am not a Jacques Maritain or Gustave Thibon. I dare not analyze too deeply.

Yet any efforts to demonstrate that man no longer wants to work with his hands runs smack into the known fact that manual hobbies such as woodworking in the home basement were never so popular. And efforts to prove to the average workman that the machine is a moral menace, that the happiest man is the muscle-weary perspiring man using the good, old-fashioned, long-handled shovel, seem to me much like the efforts of paunchy, middle-aged fathers to convince their prep-school sons that the Bunny Hug had it all over the Samba.

I suppose that the trouble with the machine is that it is alternately adored and hated by the worker—loathed as a real competitor and adored as a genie-

like helper—and his inability to come to some permanent decision causes frustration and faltering production. The modern neurotic, the psychiatrists tell us, is floundering chiefly because the modern mind cannot make up its mind about anything. It is constantly wavering and fluid and ductile and unable to stay fixed long enough to love or hate anything or anybody with force and vigor. The telephone operator sees in the modern dial system a boon as well as a threat, and the Norwalk, Connecticut, hat finishers know that when the mechanically marvelous hat finishing machines are perfected to such a degree that they will do the few remaining hand jobs, the owner can move his plant from Connecticut to southern Mississippi without worrying too much about the problem of skilled help.

"SITDOWN" EXPLAINED

I don't believe that the true and terrifying significance of the "sitdown" strikes in Detroit in the depressed 1930's has been clearly grasped by the majority of our industrialists. In the heat of that era the late Justice Frank Murphy's philosophical analysis was hooted at as the product of an impractical and "mystical" mind more at home in the Himalayas than in a modern law court. The General Motors workers who refused to leave their grinders and lathes and drill presses despite police orders and writs and sheriffs' bellowings knew that their jobs and their family security were not guaranteed any longer by their personal skills or dexterity. They knew that their value to the employer was not their mechanical adroitness or

their sense of balance or judgment or touch. They sensed the real meaning of the machine age during that dismal winter. They realized that the machine had become more efficient and more important than the operator. They sensed that by leaving their machines they would become half-men, cripples in the labor market, rootless beings. The sitdown strikes were clearly a threat to the basic principles of private ownership. But it must be borne in mind that the sitdown strikers were not so much bent upon seizing and hold-

ing property belonging to others as they were determined to take the only means they could see at hand to prevent a sociological amputation—the cutting away of the man from the machine.

There is something to the theory that the current alleged antipathy to work is the most logical of attitudes on the part of workers who during two global wars have seen waste and destruction surpass the most efficient production. The GI who served in the South Pacific remembers his evacuation from some island where hundreds of jeeps and typewriters and radio sets were dumped off cliffs and into streams. And the veteran who made the long, cold retreat back to Pusan

in the cold of Korea remembers the thousands of 8-ply tires sprinkled with millions of gallons of high-test gasoline and burned to keep modern equipment out of the hands of the advancing enemy.

THE MEANING OF WORK

But if we live in an age of exaggerations, when wild therapeutic claims are made for enzymic tooth pastes, perhaps the anti-work story has also been blown up enormously. I don't think that people have suddenly become haters of honest productive work. At this tag end of my observations, I must confess that I have no quick solutions or recommendations to offer. I give orders daily to workers in a municipal public-works department. I have tried all of the old methods of keeping production high. I have held pep meetings, made promotions, given out job-help literature. But whenever I watch my men wheeling out their trucks and power mowers, their bulldozers and tractors, I know that I haven't answered their important question.

The men are willing to study new technical methods. They are mildly interested in simple soil-testing techniques and the new strains of grass seed. They are glad to be shown the identifying leaf and flower differences between *Kalmia* and *Pieris*. But they'd like to know more about work—simple work—its meaning, its sacredness, it rehabilitating value, its spiritual importance. Perhaps the ailment of the modern worker is the ailment of the employer and the politician and the playwright and the vocational-guidance

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expert and the educator. And perhaps, too, we are all being presumptuous and foolish when we try to make it look as though the wage earner were the only one with questions.

It may be that the great doubt is this-the uncertainty as to whether we men actually are at the top of the pile; the doubt that man is as noble a creation as we once thought him to be. Man, perhaps, has come up with the notion that he doesn't create any more, that he merely guides and accelerates and lubricates and overhauls. Personally I think that it's a splendid age we're living in (including the Georgetown University machine that translates from Russian into English in split seconds). There is not a lathe or a press or a cylinder or a TV color set that hasn't come from the hand of God, because God made all men and their minds, and only He makes it possible for them to use their little slide rules and to invent the machines which lessen laborious physical work and give them more time in which to think about Him and adore Him.

FEATURE "X"



The previous Feature "X" to which Mr. McConnell refers was titled "Miracle in San Antonio." This one, a sequel to it, might be called "Unmiraculous miracle." Mr. McConnell is a resident of Chicago.

THE SEPTEMBER 1, 1951 issue of AMERICA carried an article of mine as a Feature "X." In it I told of a true experience which happened to me while I was serving with the Air Force.

I was stationed in San Antonio, Texas, at the time. It was after the Second World War and the glamour lent to soldiering by war had faded. Civilians and soldiers were at odds once more. GI's were cold-shouldered in the town.

For the first time in my life I was exposed to what would be called, were it based on color rather than on a uniform, "discrimination." And I didn't like it. I reacted first with anger and then with an inflated, lonely pride. And then with despair.

I had become lax in the practice of my religion, but one night when I felt that there was no other source of human warmth from which I could draw some small measure of gratification, I went into a church. It was late. The old building's walls were lit dimly and gently by a few flickering votive candles. I sat down and, in effect, challenged God to show me reason for remaining even so much as an avowed member of the "brotherhood of mankind."

A one-sided affair indeed. I was throwing a chal-

lenge to the Almighty. And reserving for myself the right to feel worse (but justified, of course) if He should give me no immediate and clearly recognizable "sign." As you may have read in the Feature "X" referred to, something did happen. Something quite real, quite tangible, something extraordinary.

I heard footsteps coming down the aisle of the deserted church. They stopped at the pew in which I was sitting. A woman asked me if I had a rosary. I thought perhaps she wanted to borrow one. Instead, with a human smile she shook her head and handed me a rosary. She said she'd acquired it in Palestine during the war and that she thought I might like to have it. Almost before I had it in my hand she had turned and started toward the rear of the church.

You may easily imagine my feelings. Here was the small but so beautiful example of kindness I'd been hoping for. Here was one human being doing another a service and a "favor." I left the church with a trust and a belief in human goodness that will not leave me, even if it were possible for me to be betrayed personally by every other living person.

Some time after leaving San Antonio, after being discharged and coming to Chicago to continue my education, I wrote my Feature "X." But not long after it had been published, the *true* ending of this story was written. And I would like to tell it now.

A friend of mine who knew San Antonio much better than I—and who had also read my article—informed me that the woman who gave me the rosary was mentally ill and was in the habit of repeating her part of this drama whenever the opportunity presented itself. The rosaries, he told me, were purchased at a tiny novelty shop near the church.

For a while I felt almost like a fraud. Here I'd gone and repeated the story many times and under many different circumstances to many people. I had even put it in writing and—wonder of wonders—had it published. It seemed to me that his facts had made my experience seem fatuous. Then, recently, when I was explaining the entire episode to a close friend and wrinkling my face up in a fair imitation of extreme sarcasm, it occurred to me that the facts lent even more significance to the event than my earlier and more romantic view did.

I had challenged God as only youthful pride, young conceit and heavy sadness can—and I had been answered. By my "logic"—an extremely personal kind of logic—I concluded that surely I must be favored, since so many people have demanded signs and never been so promptly and visibly answered.

But all the facts were in, when I was forced to learn a new lesson. It was even more startling than the spectacular story I was so fond of repeating.

It was this. The fact that the kind woman suffered under a mental compulsion had absolutely no bearing on the fact of my rescued sense of humanity. My demand for "proof" was nothing more than a child's imperious yammer for its bottle. I was looking for an easy way out of a commonplace problem. The incident of the rosary was no real proof. It stilled my mental clamor, but did not really solve my problem. Had I known that the woman was mentally unbalanced I would have been right back where I started.

By the time I finally learned the full facts of the episode I had reached an age and a measure of experience which enabled me to understand the situation properly—a feat I may not have been capable of at

the time I was in San Antonio. What I learned was the search for miracles, for proofs, for signs as divine manifestations is a foolish enterprise at best. For in seeking such things we often lose sight of the original purpose of the quest—which is to find the right and just answer to our individual and collective problems. Faith is never blind. Faith is patience, perserverance and accepting intelligence. RICHARD M. McCONNELL

The naturalistic novel: an appraisal

Philip J. Scharper

For over a decade critics have been announcing the death of the naturalistic novel. This mode of the novel, however, has shown a stubborn refusal to die and exhibits a sustained power to attract the general reading public. At times this power reaches a kind of apogee, reflected in the tremendous popular success of such works as The Naked and the Dead, From Here to Eternity, The Golden Arm and The Adventures of Augie Marsh. It would, indeed, be safe to say that the naturalistic novel is still, despite its demise among the critics, the mode of the novel which consistently gains the bulk of today's novel-audience.

This fact, I believe, is an important one, for it seems to suggest that the naturalistic novel has an appeal for the average reader of which we Catholics should be aware if our estimate of the naturalistic achievement is to be full and balanced.

We have long pointed out, in our press and lecture rooms, the philosophical and literary shortcomings of the naturalistic novel; these defects are real and serious, and demanded the attention we have given them. But it may also be that such fiction has virtues and positive merits, equally real and serious, which have received less attention from Catholic and non-Catholic critics alike. Whatever our final estimate of the American naturalists may be, it will lack that completeness which charity requires unless we read with an eye toward their possible values as well as an awareness of their obvious defects.

For it is not enough to say that the naturalistic novel "sells" only to the prurient; our newsstands and drug stores pander to such readers with a flood of material less demanding of time and patience than a novel. If the naturalistic novel consistently dominates the best-seller lists, it does so for more compelling reasons. We should make every effort to discover those reasons, since they throw light, not only on the naturalistic novels, but also on the type of reader who consistently turns to them.

I should like to suggest that one quality which that convenient figment, the average reader, finds in the

LITERATURE AND ARTS

naturalistic novel is a sense of compassion for the follies and sufferings of the commonplace figures which people its pages.

This sense of compassion, of course, has no logical justification for its existence in a product of the naturalistic imagination. The naturalist professes to believe that man is simply a puppet dangling from the strings of heredity and environment; such a mechanistic view gives man no priority of place in the world of nature and makes the fate of the individual man as ultimately insignificant as the fate of the individual butterfly or bee. The logical attitude of the naturalist toward human suffering and failure is not compassion, but the shrugged shoulder of dismissal or the shrill protest at cosmic injustice.

But the practice of the naturalist tends to evade and grow larger than the iron circle of his theory. From Stephen Crane's compassion for his titular heroine Maggie, a street-walker, to Saul Bellow's agonized awareness of the "dangling man," the naturalistic novel in America exhibits a series of figures whose sufferings may not call forth the "pity and fear" of the tragic response, but which do touch the springs of our sympathy for the commonplace catastrophes of the obscure.

Ours is a complex age, which has found it necessary to study human misery scientifically and to deal with it through social agencies. But it is hard to realize that a human being stands at the end of our sociological statistics and our yearly contribution to organized charity. It is salutary that the naturalists have so often concretized our abstract social problems. They have helped to make us aware, for instance, that the "annals of the poor" are neither so short nor so simple as Thomas Gray may have thought them.

Philip J. Scharper is on the English faculty at Fordham University, N. Y.

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This sense of compassion, as we find it in the best representatives of naturalistic fiction, may be an illogical extension of the naturalistic premise, but it is, at least, neither banal sentimentality nor dishonest condescension. The best naturalistic novels, despite their obvious limitations, have always been rooted in the author's honest observation of and intense reaction to that segment of life which forms the matrix of his work. It is this fact which gives to so much naturalistic fiction both its vigor and its verisimilitude and keeps its compassion from degenerating into verveless pathos and unabashed tear-jerking.

The naturalist's view of man may be tragically incomplete, but he is, at least, aware of real agony and genuine anguish. He exhibits the scarred soul, not an

injured Romantic vanity, and the wounds he fingers are real. Such compassion is rare enough in the fiction of any age; its informing presence in American naturalism certainly represents a real, if limited, achievement, and suggests one of the reasons why the naturalistic novel appeals so strongly to the American reading public. Sunt lacrymae rerum et mentem mortalia tangunt.

Another possible source of such an appeal may lie in a quality of naturalistic fiction which is perhaps better received by the "average reader" than by the average critic. That quality is a sense of moral indignation at the injustices of modern life, which are pre-

sented by most naturalists with reformers' zeal. For it is not enough to say that the naturalistic novelist is committed to an amoral view of life by his espousal of a scientific determinism as the final answer to the mystery of man. Nor is the moral estimate of such fiction completed by saying that its employment of an extremely realistic technique often produces a novel which is disgusting on the level of taste and perhaps dangerous on the level of morality. It is true that every naturalist should, to be logically consistent, feel with Zola that "vice and virtue are products, like vitriol and sugar;" it is also unfortunately true that naturalistic fiction has frequently offended against the canons of both taste and morality.

But it should be noted that most American naturalists, however illogically, have written out of a passionate moral concern which deserves our understanding and respect. If the world they picture is often sordid, there lies beneath the surface an intense conviction that it need not be, and should not be. If they show the spiritually maimed who inhabit the twilight lands of Chicago's South Side, or Schofield Barracks, or the expensive campus of a large State university, they at least do not mistake that twilight for the blaze of noon. Almost without exception the major naturalistic novels have shown in modern man the agony which feeds upon his own illusions.

It is surely significant that the naturalists, in an increasingly money-conscious civilization, have repeatedly proclaimed, with the voices of ancient wisdom, that the possession of *things* cannot make man happy. Obviously this is not the fullness of the gospels, but it is more congenial to the Christian than the naive evangels of success preached all too persuasively by many contemporary educators, businessmen and adwriters.

Again, it is significant that the constant targets of the naturalistic novel have been Pharisaism and triviality, of precisely the kind which is recorded in our daily press and enshrined in most of our movies. It is to the credit of the American naturalists that they have refused to get on most of our bandwagons, and have,

instead, pointed out that the gay paint is peeling and the instruments sadly out of tune.

From one point of view, the fact that our naturalistic fiction is one of dissent and criticism is a mark of its vitality. From another point of view, this literature of dissent bespeaks an earnest moral insight which the Christian consciousness should recognize. Precisely because it comes from an unexpected quarter we should, perhaps, not merely recognize, but approach it more considerately than we have.

What may have frequently kept us from recognizing this element of the moralist in the naturalistic novelist is his professed objectivity. Where he has

succeeded in maintaining this tone, his work may strike the reader as callous and clinical. We are accustomed to explicit moral judgment. When a novelist makes none, we are inclined to feel that he respects none.

This precise charge was often brought against Anton Chekov. His reply is provocative, and one which might serve, in his own degree, for each of the major American naturalists: "You abuse me for objectivity, calling it indifference to good and evil, lack of ideals and ideas, and so on. You would have me, when I describe horse-stealers, say 'Stealing horses is an evil.' But that has been known for ages." One might, after analysis, conclude that Chekov's remark does not apply to the naturalistic fiction of our time. But the peculiar charity that is incumbent on the Catholic reader would seem to suggest that at least the analysis be made.

"Great labor, directed by great abilities, is never wholly lost," remarked Samuel Johnson. The majority of Catholic readers may not accept the views we have given of the compassion and moral concern to be found in the modern naturalistic novel. But even in such a case the labors and abilities of these novelists "are not wholly lost." For while we, in the security of our religious convictions, may well know the cause of the modern sickness, they have enabled us to feel something of its agony. If for that alone, we have been placed immeasurably in their debt.

SWEET THURSDAY

By John Steinbeck. Viking. 273p. \$3.50

Mr. Steinbeck's wide-eyed discovery in East of Eden of the agonies and the glories that come with personal responsibility and the terrible freedom of the human will now seem to have been a mirage. Or perhaps he found that such a discovery laid too heavy a burden on his art—that he could not carry on so smoothly and devil-may-careishly if he had to be facing up to the eternal problem and to the only really valid theme of a serious novel, that life and its temporal and final destiny is shaped by an individual's free acts.

At any rate, Steinbeck is here back with his beloved friends of Cannery Row. Anyone, accordingly, who knows the earlier book will know what to expect here. There would be little point in any extended review, were it not for the fact that this new visit to the Row will undoubtedly rocket the book into the best-seller lists. It prompts, therefore, some lengthier remarks on public taste, publishers' tills and the relationship of sentimentally ribald novels to both.

Cannery Row is, in Steinbeck's loving Baedeker, almost, if not quite, the skid-row section of Monterey. It is inhabited by bums, small-time racketeers, ladies of what is politely called "easy virtue," and by one dearly beloved, universally kindhearted and generous marine-biology "researcher," called Doc, who is the hero of this saga of low life that is at the same time so very warm and generous and human. The heroine of the noble tale is one Suzy, the harlot with the heart of gold, wronged in her youth and now trying with stiff upper lip and stubbornly raised chin to find true love, home and children.

The plot unravels in the efforts of the warm-hearted bums to precipitate the affection they discern bubbling between Suzy and Doc. They succeed, with the assorted assistance of a wacky millionaire who frequents the Row, of various morons who also have hearts of gold, and of the madam of one of the brothels (she has the goldenest heart of all), who boasts in her house a plaque studded with gold stars commemorating her "girls" who have married well. At the end of the hectic tale, replete with brawls and afloat on more rot-gut liquor than there is in all the stills of hill-billy country, Doc and Suzy are off to refinement and culture, he having been miraculously appointed head of a research laboratory.

It is only fair to say that anyone who tries this raucous story—provided he can prescind from the foul language and the crude suggestions—will find that it is, in spots, genuinely funny in some of its situations. He may also be lulled into a benign (perhaps "boozy" is the better word) sense of tolerance for the stumble-bums and the failures who do have, it must be admitted, a sort of pathetic and warped dignity.

But no one ought to be hoodwinked into thinking that the sentimentality with which the story is super-saturated springs from anything else than a "philosophy" that believes that environment is what determines character. With the single exception of Suzy, who shows a little self-determination, every one of these characters just can't help himself. He is what he is because the war, poverty-stricken youth, the unfaithful lover or the climate has made him what he is. That the public will eat up this tale probably shows that-if they take Steinbeck as a serious novelist-they think the same way. And that publishers will publish it probably proves that they think that the book trade is just what it is, and there's simply nothing they can do about it.

If you'd like a refreshing contrast, pick up some of Damon Runyon's stories. He wrote about down-and-outers, too, but his style was never billingsgate and if the human dignity of his characters was often forlorn, it was never perverse or perversely defended. HAROLD C. GARDINER

Noble dramatist

THE LIFE AND WORK OF SOPHOCLES

By F. J. H. Letters. Sheed & Ward. 310p. \$4.50

If there is a special heaven for publishers, we may be sure that Sheed and Ward will go there (*Trumpet* and all) for the good things they have done for us: books aplenty in all fields from poetry to moral theology; in the classical languages alone we have Guardini on Socrates, Noyes on Horace, Letters on Vergil (1946) and now again on Sophocles.

Dr. Letters is an Australian and is senior lecturer in classics at New England University College, New South Wales. He began, it seems, as a lawyer—and we can well imagine how many good cases have been lost for want of his advocacy—but the classics have been enriched because of his change. The present volume is a delightful book: a serious study of Sophocles and his times, written in fine prose studded with provocative side-

BOOKS

references to Shakespeare, Swinburne, Dante, Hegel and Freud.

Dr. Letters' approach, however, is, on the whole, conservative: his treatment of the seven plays of Sophocles (together with a good number of the fragments) is urbane and intelligent, without pretending to great originality. It is in the four introductory chapters (on manners and morals in classical Athens, and on the character of Sophocles) that Letters is seen at his most original. The ethos of the entire period is summed up for him in the paradox that Athens, the home of the world's noblest drama, was, when all is said, a slum.

In certain matters of detail, however, particularly in the chapters on the plays, the book is less satisfactory. The serious student will find a fuller handling of the difficulties in the works of Bowra, Whitman and Waldock. Again, I should like to have seen signs of a closer familiarity with Aristotle's Treatise on Poetry. Like so many other modern literary critics, Dr. Letters falls into the mistake of using the Aristotelian term hamartia as practically synonymous with "tragic flaw [of character]"; and his remark that in the katharsis "an esthetic experience has issued in a philosophy, a view of life" will perhaps provoke discussion. It is, incidentally, a mistake to say that the scene of Aeschylus' Prometheus Bound is laid in Hades (p. 110): the scene, as we know from the play itself, is in Scythia. And I trust that I shall not be thought ungracious for remarking that the Lateran marble statue (of which the publishers have given us an excellent reproduction on the dust-wrapper and the frontispiece) may not, after all, be an authentic portrait of Sophocles.

These are mere details. The book is a pleasure to read and will prove indispensable in courses on general literature as well as on ancient history. But it will have, one trusts, an even wider appeal, for it throws a bold spotlight upon the great stage that the ancient Greeks have set for all time and the great drama involving God, man and free will. And this perhaps is the lesson of the book. There is, after all, no great distance between Sophocles and Anouilh, or between the Ajax and Death of a Salesman, Oedipus the King and Detective Story. Yet something has been lost. Whatever god's rites are celebrated on Times Square, they cannot be understood withou Dionys seeking find no ters' S

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without reference to the Theatre of Dionysus at Athens. Those who are seeking the clue to this mystery will find no better introduction than Letters' Sophocles.

HERBERT A. MUSURILLO

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CATHERINE OF SIENA

By Sigrid Undset. Translated by Kate Austin-Lund. Sheed & Ward. 293p. \$3.50

This is the story of one of the most remarkable and unusual women who ever lived. Catherine Benincasa, the Siena dyer's daughter, was no ordinary person, nor did she live in ordinary times. In point of fact, she lived at a particularly ugly time. When she was yet a child the monstrous plague of the Black Death swept like a tidal wave over all of Europe. Before she died she was to witness the beginning of the end of the Middle Ages, for the deadly decay and virulent rot had already set in.

Her own life was in itself an almost incredible mixture. It was a combination of extreme, one is almost tempted to say of fanatical, mysticism and an equal amount of political skill and worldly wisdom. She was adviser and confidante of Popes, princes and podestas. She knew everybody who counted in medieval Italy as well as a goodly number of people who didn't

All the while she practised great asceticism and sanctity, such as one would expect to find only among cloistered religious. In the eyes of her contemporaries she was everything from a she-devil to a saint. Obviously this all adds up to a mightily interesting story.

That the late Sigrid Undset would choose to write a life of Saint Catherine of Siena is not surprising. Madame Undset had an absorbing interest in the Middle Ages. In addition, she had more than an ordinary understanding and sympathy for women, as witnessed by the treatment given her great fictional heroine in Kristin Lavransdatter. Finally, she was Catholic. The biography is, as one might expect, a fascinating story told with more than ordinary ability and literary charm. The Catholic Book Club did well in chosing it as its May selection.

There are at least a hundred lives of Saint Catherine of Siena already in existence. For that reason one might well question the particular need for another at this time. This problem would never have bothered or even occurred to Madame Undset, for the original of the present work

was written in Norwegian; it would hardly be intemperate to assume that the bookstores and libraries of Norway are not overstocked with lives of Saint Catherine.

In spite of the fact that there are already many lives of Saint Catherine, the present English translation of Madame Undset's work seems sufficiently justified. It would be welcomed by at least three classes of readers. First, there are those who like a good story for itself. Then there are the devotees of Saint Catherine, the so-called Caterinati, who certainly would be interested in Madame Undset's appraisal of their heroine. Lastly, there are the devotees of Sigrid Undset herself, who would welcome anything from her pen.

The book will not commend itself so highly to the professional historian or hagiographer since it is a popular life and, although historically correct, not critical or scientific. Nor does it make any great contribution to the body of controversial literature concerning Catherine.

One cannot refrain from mentioning the fact that the typography of the present volume, at least the copy this reviewer had, seems to be far below what might be expected from Sheed & Ward.

DAMIAN J. BLAHER, O.F.M.

THE TAFT STORY

By William S. White. Harper. 288p. \$3.50

The title "Mr. Republican" was not lightly conferred on the late Sen. Robert A. Taft. He earned it by tireless application to his political tasks and willingness to submerge bitter personal defeat more than once in party teamwork. Any doubt of his right to the title was dispelled in the last few months of his life, when he brilliantly led in the Senate the first Republican Administration in twenty years. All his life Taft subscribed to the orthodox creed of Midwestern Republicanism, but when the party's Eastern wing prevailed, he unfailingly took his place in the ranks whether the commander was a Willkie, a Dewey or an Eisenhower.

This is the Taft story, told with affection and keen insight by a leading political writer of the New York Times who became a confidant of the Senator. Mr. White obviously did not agree with him on foreign policy, but that difference has not dimmed the admiration and regard that color this appraisal of Bob Taft. The low point of the Senator's career, according to White, was "the self-generating bit-

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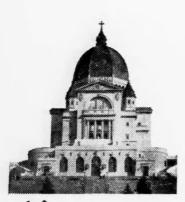
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terness" that was his reaction to the unexpected Republican defeat of 1948. He knew how to sustain his own losses, but he could not be generous when his party went down to defeat. The "last, best" Taft was the man who emerged magnanimously from the final blasting of his Presidential aspirations to become President Eisenhower's chief reliance in Congress until his untimely death.

Because the Senator was such a dominant figure and so ardent a Republican, the Taft story tends to become the story of the Republican party during the last quarter-century. He was a master of Senatorial leadership, perhaps the greatest since Henry Clay, but history may record that his chief significance was the part he played in the fundamental Republican cleavages that marked his career. Now that he has gone, what will happen to his old Midwest-based conservative wing of the party? Mr. White thinks it lies buried with him on Indian Hill outside Cincinnati. At any rate, no successor has yet appeared to don the mantle he wore so honorably.

This thoughtful book will be warmly received by readers interested in the political scene. Robert Taft was a conspicuous figure on that scene as it has unfolded. There are those, including Mr. White, who believe that his absence from the stage will be an important factor in the formation of the political tomorrow.

JOHN J. RYAN JR.

THE SPIRIT AND THE CLAY

By Shevawn Lynam. Little, Brown. 293p. \$3.95

To understand this book we must know something about its author. Shevawn Lynam, a young Irishwoman, studied Spanish history and literature in Madrid at the Centro de Estudios Históricos, and during the war broadcast regularly over the BBC in French, Spanish and German.

The authenticity of the background material for this work, she tells us in her prolog, came from a friend of hers, Father Zuloaga, a Basque priest exiled from Spain for fourteen years:

His people . . . have been pledged since their earliest days to representative government. Great lawmakers, they are traditionally law-loving and antimilitarist; and while among the last Europeans to embrace Christianity, they are today among the most devout Catholics. Therefore, when the Spanish generals revolted against an elected Government, the Basques answered the Government's call to arms.

The Constitution laid down the law, and their traditions demanded that they defend it.

The Basques adhered to their belief in the Constitution as the valid law and in military rebellion as illegal, and condemned morally those in either camp who committed atrocities under any pretext. They fought for a year against the Italian legionnaires who had come to Spain to aid the Nationalist rebellion, and finally surrendered to them at the extremity of Basque territory.

In spite of this prolog, the book is not a political instrument. It seeks merely to show how seven representative Basques discovered that the end of the war did not bring peace. The book may be considered as containing seven individual short stories, each revealing the spirit of man, and particularly of individuals endowed with courage and ideals who, bewildered by external events, never lost their human dignity. How they lived in prison, escaped, fought and kept their faith is indeed a moving story of heroism in our time. It is not a cheerful book, for it does not hold out much hope for the future. But it is a spiritually rewarding book and a tribute to the countless thousands of innocent people who died in the recent war.

It is noteworthy that Shevawn Lynam should have taken the title of her book from Antoine de Saint-Exupéry, who, in spite of his comparatively recent death, is already a legendary figure and who wrote: "Only the Spirit, if it breathe upon the clay,

can create man."

PIERRE COURTINES

PRISON AND CHOCOLATE CAKE

By Nayantara Sahgal. Knopf. 236p. \$3.50

Nayantara ("Eyes' Star"), daughter of Mme. Pandit of UN fame and niece of India's Prime Minister, Jawaharlal Nehru, writes very beautifully in these memoirs of her first twenty years.

The key to the book is the chocolate cake replacing the usual bread and butter at tea one day when the author was about three years old.

While we were at tea a group of policemen arrived. . . . Mummie explained they had come to take Papu to prison, but it was nothing to worry about, he wanted to go. So we kissed him goodbye and watched him leave, talking cheerfully to the policeman . . and in our infant minds prison became associated with chocolate cake. It was an apt introduction to Gandhiji's teachings . . . prison should have no un-

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pleasant associations. Arrest was to be voluntarily courted and imprisonment gladly accepted. When we grew older we saw . . . Mummie, Papu and all the family go to jail. We wanted to be old enough to go too.

Seventeen years after Nehru's wealthy, scholarly brother-in-law went to his first prison sentence, Gandhiji's peaceful "war" of "non-violent non-cooperation" under a foreign ruler ended in victory.

Many such acts and other intimate pictures of India's patriots are recorded in this valuable account by a talented and exceptionally privileged author. Valuable, too, is the long, detailed, mature answer to the query during her college years in New England: "How does the average Indian girl live?"

Less mature and less just, however, are words (p. 184) that seem to deny that a true contemplative "can be truly religious. He is serving himself, not others." But perhaps this unqualified condemnation—the harshest words in a kindly book—was meant for counterfeit contemplatives only.

DAYAKISHOR

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THE WORD

"Baptizing them in the name of the Father and of the Son and of the Holy Chost" (Matt. 28:19; Gospel for Trinity Sunday).

There is no mystery about the word mystery. In this fascinating age of ours, when the ingestion of whodunits is a cult if not an obligation and when physical science almost daily reveals new secrets, everyone understands that a mystery is a puzzle whose answer is not known as yet. Such an enigma is a natural mystery.

A supernatural mystery-at least when the phrase is used in its exact sense—is much more mysterious. It means a puzzle whose answer not only is not known, but will not be known this side of heaven's very special clarity. The particular truth lies simply beyond the comprehension of the human intellect operating under mortal conditions.

Obviously, it is idle to talk of understanding such a genuine supernatural mystery. The fact of the mystery is revealed to us. At the cost of much laborious effort and a headache or two, we are able to show that the mysterious truth cannot be proved a flat and flagrant contradiction. But further than this we cannot intellectually go. Supernaturally, however, and aided by God's enlightening grace, we can perform the remarkable interior act of believing what we little understand. Surely it must be clear that such a bold step is not at all a debasing surrender, but a noble triumph.

The mystery of the most blessed Trinity is a strict supernatural mystery. The fact is revealed to us that there are three divine Persons who are as personally distinct from one another as are a writer, his beloved reader and his villainous editor. Now no matter how or in what order these three mortal persons are taken together, a sum of three human beings, three men, must result. It is revealed to us, however, that when the divine Father and the divine Son and the

divine Holy Spirit are taken together, the result is one divine being, one God. Faced with this solid but completely baffling reality, the mind of man, unaided by grace, first reels dizzily and then swiftly rallies to denounce the alleged reality as a patent falsehood.

But in the case of a person illumined and steeled by God's good grace, the will applies its familiar brake to the human intellect and bids it reconsider the proposition of three Persons in one God in the purer light of supernatural faith. The professional theologian now offers to prove, and really does prove, that the profound mystery of the Trinity postulates no demonstrable contradiction. The argument turns on the radical concepts of nature and person, and contends that numerical plurality of persons does not necessarily involve numerical plurality of natures. (For further enlightenment in this direction, the present writer eagerly refers the interested reader to the nearest unoccupied professional theologian. There is so little space here, yes?)

All that remains is for the plain Christian to bow his head and humbly, gratefully make his profession of faith: I believe in God, the Father almighty . . . and in Jesus Christ, His only Son . . . I believe in the Holy Ghost . . .

As often as a man reflects on this or any other supernatural mystery, so often he ends by being simply grate-

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EVENING MASS

by REV. GERALD ELLARD, S.J.

On Jan. 6, 1953, Pope Pius XII issued the historic decree *Christus Dominus*, permitting Bishops to introduce evening Masses, and altering the legislation on the Eucharistic fast.

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VINCENT P. McCORRY, S.J.

THEATRE

THE PAJAMA GAME, presented at the St. James by Frederick Brisson, Robert E. Griffith and Harold S. Prince, is unquestionably the merriest musical show of the season. This is a point on which your reviewer is prepared to take an intransigent stand. Other surviving musicals of the year may be more humorous, more colorful or more tuneful, though the last is doubtful. But not one of them is so rich in sheer merriment—the kind of humor that calls for uninhibited guffaws.

It would be much merrier, however, if it did not, in a picnic scene, play up boys chasing girls, with the implied seduction of one of the girls. That scene, though it adds considerable excitement to the plot, also taints an otherwise fresh and breezy show with an odor of stale herring.

The story by George Abbott and Richard Bissell is based on the latter's novel, 71/2 Cents, and consists of incidents in a threatened strike in a pajama factory. As the labor-management dispute is approaching a crisis, the superintendent of the plant and the girl who heads the grievance committee of the union fall in love. It's love at first sight but it's real. Their affection, however, does not change their loyalties. The young man, a part of management, is concerned only with preventing a let-down in production, while the girl continues to fight for a boost of 7½ cents an hour demanded by the union.

It is a plain story, as authentically American as corn in Kansas or peanuts at the ball park. And it is astonishing how often it erupts in rib-cracking hilarity, with an occasional touch of tenderness.

Numerous gay antics continually burst from the script and ripple from the light and lively music, contributed by Richard Adler and Jerry Ross. Messrs. Adler and Ross, who write as a team, also provide the lyrics. Their songs are tuneful and humorous and, like the capricious dances by Bob Fosse, skilfully integrated in the story line. Lemuel Ayers designed the appropriate settings and costumes. The production was precision-directed for fun by Mr. Abbott and Jerome Robbins.

John Raitt, Janis Page and Eddie Foy Jr. are starred in the production, supported by Carol Haney, Reta Shaw, Ralph Dunn and an ensemble of boys and girls who know how to sing and dance. While Mr. Raitt does not have to extend himself in any of the songs assigned to him, his role offers an opportunity for effective acting and he meets the challenge with a refreshing performance. Miss Page, who first came to Broadway three years ago, is one of the many young actresses who improve with each new appearance.

Mr. Foy is a wistful type of comedian with an ingratiating style, while Carol Haney makes her Broadway debut an auspicious occasion. Cast as secretary to the boss in the early scenes, she later discloses a high talent for straight comedy and humorous dancing. Mr. Dunn and Miss Shaw are old hands at dispensing nonchalant nonsense. All together, they lift urbane clowning to the level of a fine art.

THEOPHILUS LEWIS

FILMS

THE STUDENT PRINCE is a remarkable salvage job. Originally the picture was intended as a vehicle for Mario Lanza. Just at the start of actual shooting, the studio decided to fire the intractable tenor under terms contained in the fine print of his contract. The problem then confronting the top brass at MGM, a not inconsiderable problem in these days of economymindedness, was how to prevent the already heavy expenditures on the film-involving script, sets, costumes, vocal recordings, etc.-from becoming a total loss. Their solution was to hire an "unknown" by the name of Ed-mund Purdom to play the hero and to go through the motions of singing while the Lanza recordings were "dubbed in."

Simply on general principles there is a good deal to be said in favor of this stratagem. Singers, with a few notable exceptions, are not too abundantly endowed with good looks or acting ability. Hence movie technology, which can graft someone else's singing voice onto a photogenic performer, often works an esthetic improvement over nature.

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es there favor of a few o abunooks or technolne else's nic peretic imMr. Purdom's assignment, however, was a difficult and thankless one. He was under the double strain of making a virtual screen debut in a leading role and of attempting to act out a suitable pantomimed accompaniment to Lanza's uninhibited and highly individual misuse of his inherently first-class vocal equipment. Under the circumstances he acquits himself very well, though the disparity between off-screen voice and on-screen personality is disconcertingly evident every time he opens his mouth to "sing."

The picture itself is a lavish, Technicolored, CinemaScope version of the old Sigmund Romberg operetta about the prince who falls in love with a barmaid (Ann Blyth) while a student in Heidelberg, but sadly renounces her to assume his royal duties. Though certainly not art, entertainment-wise it is considerably better than the similar recent production of Rose Marie.

ilar recent production of Rose Marie.
Richard Thorpe's direction is livelier and more fluid, the reworked script is sometimes charming, generally sensible and always avoids the worst extremes of bathos. The comedy relief (provided by John Williams and S. Z. Sakall) is ingratiating, the serious performances tolerably unstuffy and the whole an extremely pleasant piece of "corn" for the family.

Its greatest single asset, the lovely and familiar Romberg score, has been padded out by three new numbers by Nicholas Brodzky, one of which sounds distressingly like a recent Irving Berlin hit, while another is a sticky "popular-religious" item. All three are expendable.

(MGM)

SECRET OF THE INCAS. Among time-tested film formulas none recurs more frequently than the one about the cynical adventurer and the shady lady who are regenerated through mutual love. In this instance the adventurer (Charlton Heston) is a down-at-heels American earning a precarious and not very honest living in Cuzco, Peru, while searching for buried treasure (a fabulously valuable jeweled Inca sunburst). The heroine (Nicole Maurey) is a refugee from behind the Iron Curtain who has traded her virtue for escape.

Aside from the fact that the situation is so ancient and overworked as to be almost unrevivable, the film makes it tougher for itself by painting Heston as such an enthusiastically irredeemable heel that his final altruistic gesture falls awfully flat. The net result is an unfortunately tawdry accompaniment to some authentic Andean scenery and native lore handsomely photographed in Technicolor.

(Paramount) Moira Walsh

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CORRESPONDENCE

Catholic cooperation with UN

EDITOR: I read with great interest Fr. Graham's article, "Catholic cooperation with UN agencies," in your May 15 issue. Fr. Graham's case would have been even stronger had he mentioned the fact that not only have organizations such as the International Conference of Catholic Charities, etc., cooperated with various agencies of the UN, but that the Holy See itself has done so.

The undersigned, as head of the "Vatican Migration Bureau" in Geneva, collaborated quite closely with the International Refugee Organization (IRO) during all the years of its existence. In addition to this, the Holy See, with the undersigned as Chief Delegate, participated as a "Govern-ment Observer" at the General Assembly of the World Health Organization in May, 1952. This had advantageous results in fields of interest to Catholics, for instance, in the matter of birth control.

Perhaps the most effective argument would have been the fact that the UN Economic and Social Council has approved a 15-nation Advisory Council to the UN High Commissioner for Refugees, and that the Holy See is one of those 15 nations. The Holy See likewise sends a delegate to the Conferences on Telecommunications, which are under the auspices of the United Nations.

(REV.) EDWARD J. KILLION, C.SS.R. Roxbury, Mass.

Better GI's in Japan

EDITOR: AMERICA for April 17 has just arrived here in Tokyo. I am glad to read the letter of Charles O'Malley regarding the activities of some American servicemen in the Far East.

Ever since 1945, American servicemen of all branches and types have been distinguished for their generosity-most of which has gone unrecorded except in Heaven. But the good done can be destroyed by one false move, as for example, when at the end of last year three American GI's lightly tossed a Japanese into a creek in mid-Tokyo-and the man drowned.

But let me say that under the command of Gen. John Hull, American GI conduct in Japan has changed most remarkably. The GI radio does a magnificent job, and the General has established ways and means of lessening tension and keeping the boys usefully occupied. Even the left wing has indirectly noted that U. S. troop behavior in Japan today is far better than last year.

So I tip my cap to General Hull. I also thank AMERICA for having played a part in airing a problem which, if it had gone unattended, would have been extremely harmful both to Japan and America.

RICHARD L-G. DEVERALL Tokyo, Japan

Catholics in Switzerland

EDITOR: In your Correspondence columns for March 13 Rudolph Merten questions my statement, in the article Swiss weigh anti-Jesuit ban" (2/20), that the Catholic citizens of the Canton of Zurich are taxed to support the established Protestant Church.

Mr. Merten rightly points out that Catholics do not have to pay the direct church tax. However, a portion of the regular income and property taxes paid by Catholics is used to pay the salaries of ministers and for the upkeep of established churches.

Mr. Merten will find a good discussion of the question in Protestanten und Katholiken in der Schweiz, a booklet published last year in Zurich, edited by Rev. A. Teobaldi, an official of the diocese.

NEIL G. McCluskey Geneva, Switzerland

High-school reading

EDITOR: Congratulations to Robert J. Sheehan for his excellent reply (Am. 5/8) to Sister M. Pauline Grady's April 3 article, "High schools and reading." We, too, take issue, very definitely, with what appears from her paper to be Sister's philosophy of reading. After long years of teaching high-school English, we are convinced that "sordid elements of life" cannot be "wholesomely presented for the adolescent."

It has not been our experience that "the present high-school practice" militates against the mental maturity of graduates in after life. We find that our graduates carry over with them into later life the love for fine reading that was acquired during high-school years. This they can best get from "reading assignments" compiled with discretion.

Our youngsters, without being conscious of the fact, perhaps, are sick of the sordidness that they are continually meeting on all sides.

SISTER MARY JEROME Portland, Maine

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